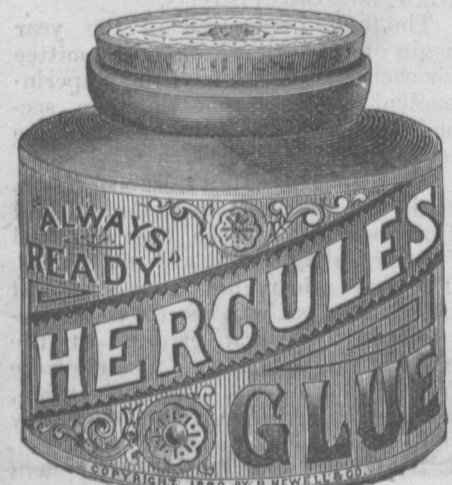


FOR FAMILY
USE.
NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.
No Clamps Required.
Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful
Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced,
read what people say of it—
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1880.
Being a grandfather, with four active grand-
children who are continually breaking their toys
and other things, I have found the **Hercules
Glue** to be one of the very best preparations for
mending broken things I have ever tried, because
it is always ready and does not dry up and waste.
WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES.
Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch
Street.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.
518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, }
November 30, 1880.
We have sold the **Hercules Glue** for some
time past, and it has given great satisfaction in
every instance we have heard from. Have also
used it ourselves, and consider it the very best
article for the purpose in the market.
J. T. STONE, Manager.

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNI-
TURE COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1880.
We have tested the **Hercules Glue**, and for
the purpose intended, fully believe it has no
equal. Many slight accidents are constantly oc-
curring to furniture, which can be readily re-
paired by it without clamping or the necessity of
a workman. For a real handy article it excels.
A. F. OLD.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1880.
My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure
to testify to the merits of **Hercules Glue**. I
have found it particularly useful for attaching
rubber to wood, for the purpose of printing on
blocks; and for this reason consider it especially
valuable to the Manufacturers of Liner Stamps.
Hoping that you will be successful in your en-
deavors to make its reputation world wide,
I remain, Yours truly,
JAMES P. BRYAN, 1228 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1880.
We cheerfully attest to the merit of **Hercules
Glue**. Its exactly what we need,—always ready
and effective, does its work well, and does not
mould. We have given nearly all the kindred
preparations in the market a trial, and unhesi-
tatingly award the palm of superiority to **Hercules**.
It alone does all that is claimed for it. W.
do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue,
can well do without it.
SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street

November 29, 1880
Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength
—a paragon in usefulness.
A. C. GAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1880.
Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue**
in my family for some time, and find it very use-
ful for all purposes for which you recommend it.
Yours truly,
E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan'y 21, 1881.
Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement.
Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.
THOMAS W. STUCKY,
67 North Seventh Street.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1881.
Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your
most specific and the best of all, I have found
Hercules, I concluded to order a small quantity
for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous
household goods it did its work most effectively.
DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street

PHILADELPHIA, March 7th, 1881.
I am using the **Hercules Glue** for fastening
Glass in Bronzed and Nickel-plated Card-frames,
and find it far superior to all others.
THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

Among the many advantages it has over all
other preparations, the most important is, that
IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS, and
without losing its good qualities, and is always
ready for use, making it a valuable article to have
in the house. It can be used for cementing
Wood, Crockery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c.
Retail price, 25 cents per Jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers
and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,
Wholesale Agents
NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway),
New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a
year, and who inserts less than \$500 of it in his
List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me
better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER
ADVERTISING LISTS."
IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.
IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers
are. When the name of a paper is printed in
FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the
BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the
ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the popu-
lation of every town and the circulation of
every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely
one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for
single States ranges from \$2 to \$50. The price
for one inch one month in the entire list is \$625.
The regular rates of the papers for the same
space and time are \$2,950-14. The list in-
cludes 952 newspapers of which 187 are issued
DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are
located in 788 different cities and towns, of
which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over
5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For
copy of List and other information address
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Home.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

NUMBER 22.

POETRY.

MY BROKEN BUDS.

I had two precious gifts from Heaven—
One they were passing fair,
They were buds of promise sweet,
Adorned with beauty rare.
I gave them sunshine and the air—
They were watered by the dew,
I watched them as each coming day,
Unfolded beauties new.

Rich odors from their hearts they breathed,
Of most surpassing sweet;
They were bright celestial buds,
For our cold time unmeet.
There was a fragrance not of earth,
Around my fairy blossoms,
And with a thrill of ecstasy,
I placed them in my bosom.

Never were things more dearly loved
Than my fair beauties flowers;
And closer to my heart of hearts,
I were them at all hours.
The dream, the wild and sad dream of woe,
Came never to my heart,
That from my own sweet buds of bliss,
I might be called to part.

One day, upon their tender stems
They could not lift their heads—
And with a shudder through their hearts,
Their souls bright were shed.
Also! One had been near my flowers
With few, shivering breath,
Which chilled them to their very core—
It was the flight of Death.

Sadly we raised their drooping heads—
We watched them with tears;
And night and day hung over them
With agony and fears.
We strove to stay the withering blight,
We strove, but strove in vain;
No sunshine could revive them now,
Nor dew, nor gentle rain.

And yet we weaved, and yet we hoped,
Still cheered by some slight token.
One more I found—Oh, agony!—
My cherished buds were broken.
But could it be that all my hopes—
My dreams of bliss had fled?—
Oh, could it—could it be, alas!
My darling buds were dead?

Sad—sad the change that had passed o'er
My blossoms fair and bright!
They tore them from my bleeding heart—
They put them from my sight.
And now my broken buds do lie
Upon the damp earth sod,
From the sweet sunlight shut out,
Wasting beneath the clod.

But I shall see my buds again,
Mid fairest flowers of Heaven!
Oh! then in bright celestial bloom,
They'll be to me given.
Then let me still my aching heart,
And bless the friendly Hand
Which soon transplanted them from earth
Unto a better land.

STORY TELLER.

THE MERCHANT'S ORDEAL.

"Arthur," said Mrs. Leeman, ad-
dressing her young husband, "it
seems to me that Mr. Sharping is get-
ting ahead of you in business."

"Ah!" uttered the young man,
looking up from his paper.

"Yes," continued the wife. "He
has just moved into his large house,
and I expect we shall be invited to
the opening party."

"And you are not contented here,
Sarah?" asked Mr. Leeman, with a
slight tinge of disappointment in his
tone.

"Oh, yes, I am contented; but
then I should like to have you look as
well—that is, appear as well as Wil-
liam Sharping does. You are well
acquainted in the town, and you are
as generally respected. Your store is
as well situated and you seem to pos-
sess all the advantages you could wish.
I wish you could keep up with Sharping."

Arthur Leeman was a young mer-
chant, located in a large and flourishing
village, where he had been in business
for nearly two years. He had been
brought up by virtuous parents, and
his ideas of justice and honesty were
founded upon deep moral principles.

Shortly before he married a beautiful
girl, whom he had long and ardently
loved, and who had, in return, recip-
rocated that love. He had received
from her two thousand dollars, which
sum had gone a great way towards
purchasing his stock in trade.

He had rented a small cottage—a
neat, retired abode—and here he set-
tled down, with every prospect of con-
tinued happiness he had a right to ex-
pect, for his young wife was mild and
gentle, loving and true, and ever re-
gardful of his welfare.

His expenses he carefully kept be-
low his income, and as might be ex-
pected, he made but little domestic
show. His comforts were all solid,
based upon the single idea of "con-
tent."

William Sharping also kept a store
in the village. He had commenced
about the same time that Arthur did,
but he spent more money in his living,
and as already intimated, he was on
the point of making a still greater
show of accumulating wealth.

Sharping's wife was an intimate
friend of Sarah Leeman, and hence
the latter felt more sensibly the con-
trast between her own and her neigh-
bor's outward circumstances.

In a few evenings, William Sharping
opened his house for the recep-
tion of visitors, and of course Arthur
and Sarah were invited.

Arthur Leeman was wonder-struck
by the appearance of his friend's do-

mestic equipment. The furniture
was rich and costly, and the carpets
were all of the finest material. Large
mirrors hung upon the walls, golden
lamps adorned the marble mantel,
and sumptuous ottomans and sofas of-
fered their temptations to the weary.

"What a splendid house they have
got, haven't they?" remarked one of
the guests to Sarah Leeman.

"Yes," replied Sarah.
And as she spoke she thought her
interlocutor was drawing a compar-
ison between her own and Mrs. Sharp-
ing's domestic establishment.

Sarah heard, on all hands, praises
of the things about her, and she won-
dered why her own husband could not
do all this as well as Mr. Sharping.

She let the spirit of envy into her bos-
om before she was aware of it, and
from that moment she became un-
happy. She took no more pleasure in
viewing the costly articles about her,
and at an early hour she drew her hus-
band away from the company and
begged him to go home. When she
reached her own snug, neat little sit-
ting-room, she forgot all the happi-
ness she had enjoyed there. She only
thought of the contrast between that
and Mrs. Sharping's superb parlors.

"I'm sure I don't see why we may
not make as good an appearance as
Sharping," she murmured, after she
and her husband had become seated.

"I can hardly afford it now,
Sarah," returned Arthur.

"But why not, as well as William
Sharping?"

"Because Sharping has more
money. He makes more than I do."

"I can't see how he can do that.
He must have one secret in trade that
you do not possess. O, I wish that
we could keep up with them. People
will see that Sharping is more pros-
perous, and they will think him more
of a business man than you are; and
if he once takes the lead in trade, he
will not only be sure to keep it, but
also to gain on his competitors. You
know how people like to trade at
flourishing places."

Arthur Leeman began to think
there was some force in his wife's ar-
gument. He, too, began to lose sight
of the sweet "Content" he had been
for two years enjoying, and in the
stead thereof he was looking for what
the world calls "Plenty."

He might at first have argued
more with his wife, but he remem-
bered it was her money that had
helped materially to set him up in
business, and he feared to touch a
chord that might vibrate upon that
point. He did not fully know the
real character of his wife—he did not
know how holy and pure was the soil
in her soul that had thus given life to
a few noxious weeds. Had he fully
known that her present envy was but
an exotic, just sprung into life by
thoughtless transplanting, he might
have sought more earnestly to pluck
it out; but he gave heed to her
words, and his own soul became the
abode of discontent.

Before Arthur Leeman retired that
night he told his wife that he would
exert himself to outstrip his neigh-
bor.

A few evenings after this, as Ar-
thur was returning home from his
business, he had occasion to pass his
neighbor's store, and as he saw a light
gleaming through the chinks in the
shutters, he thought he would enter.
Sharping was there alone, and had
just closed his ledger.

"Ha, Leeman, how are you?
How's business?" cried Sharping,
with the air of a man who is well
pleased with himself.

"O, so so," returned Arthur, reach-
ing over the counter to shake hands.

"I've done, capitally to-day," re-
sumed Sharping. "A profit of fifty-
eight dollars and thirty-three cents."

"Not clear net profit?" said Arthur,
opening his eyes.

"Yes—clear profit. Ha, ha, ha."

And as the young merchant thus
laughed to himself, he leaped over the
counter and rubbed his hands exult-
ingly.

"But I don't see how you do it,"
uttered Arthur, in a tone of nervous
wistfulness.

"Ha, ha, ha. What fools there are
in this world, Leeman. Just look
here," rattled the successful merchant
as he leaped back over his counter and
pulled a piece of goods from one of
the shelves.

"There—what do you call that?"
Leeman carelessly examined the
article with the air of one who under-
stands his business.

"It's made to look like the finest
of silk," he said, "but the great body
of the cloth is cotton. I never saw
anything like it before," he continued,
as he drew out a thread and ran it
between the nails of his thumb and fore-
finger, thereby stripping off the flossy
covering from a stout thread of cotton.

"No; it's a new thing; I got it in
New York. Sold a piece this after-
noon—fifteen yards—for nine shil-
lings a yard. Ha, ha, ha, ha."

"Nine shillings!" "Why, the stuff
is not worth seventy-five cents."

"Bless your body, I only paid forty-
two cents for it. Got it at auction.

It's a new thing. Only think—off
from fifteen yards I made a profit of
sixteen dollars and twenty cents."

"But the one to whom you sold
it must have thought it all silk."

"Of course she did. You don't
think she'd have paid that price if she
had not. But mind, I tell you this
in confidence. You are one of the
trade, you know, and of course up to
such things."

Arthur Leeman was not "up to
such things," but then he had not the
mainly independence to say so. A
new idea was working its way darkly
through his mind.

"You didn't of course, tell her it
was really silk, pure silk?" he said,
half carelessly.

"O, no," said Sharping, with a
knowing nod. "Let me alone for
that. She wanted something rich for
a dress—I took down that 'There,'
said I 'look at that—just what you
want—splendid article—just examine
it yourself.' 'Two dollars,' said I.
'Too high,' she said. 'But, my dear
madam, look at it—I must make my-
self whole.' She begged and I groused
about the ruinous plan of selling
below cost. - But at last she hit upon
nine shillings. 'Ruinous,' said I;
'but if you won't mention it, if you'll
promise not to tell of it, why—seeing
it's yours—you may take it.' Ha, ha,
ha."

"Sixteen dollars and twenty cents!"
muttered Arthur, aloud.

"A, a good round profit," added
Sharping. "But then we must do it.
Must live, you know; and we might
as well have their money as anybody.
They've got it to spare, else they
wouldn't spend it."

When Leeman returned to his
home, he fancied he had learned
something. He had, in fact, learned
how William Sharping made his
money, and half of that night he
laid awake and thought of it.

The next morning he walked very
slowly towards his store. He was
still thinking of what he had learned
the night before, and was trying hard
to silence the "still small voice" that
was whispering to his soul.

"It is only business, after all," he
said to himself. "I may as well get
a living as other folks."

It was with these words upon his
lips that he entered his store.

His clerk was there, and the place
was clean and neat. He had been in
the store half an hour, and at the end
of that time his clerk asked him if he
was unwell.

"Unwell! What put that into your
head, Henry?"

"O—I thought you looked flushed
—feverish. I didn't know but that
you might have caught cold."

"No, no; I am well."

Arthur Leeman turned away, and
wondered if he had been showing all
his feelings.

Somehow the store did not seem so
cheerful to him as usual. The neatly
arranged shelves and boxes and the
choice goods did not look so inviting
as was their wont.

During the first part of the day he
sold some common articles, such as
calicoes, lawns, thread, etc., but he
did not occur to him that even here
he might have over-reached a simple
customer. He did not think of get-
ting twelve and a half cents for some
of his six-penny prints. Sharping
did it, but Leeman was not yet initi-
ated.

At length an opportunity was af-
forded for Arthur to try his newly-
discovered plan of business.

Towards night a middle-aged gen-
tleman entered the store and expres-
sed a wish to purchase some cloth for
a pair of pants. He was a stranger,
having but a few days before moved
into the village.

"I should like a piece that is good
—all wool—thick and firm," he said,
as Arthur led the way to the cloth
counter.

The gentleman looked over the
goods, and at length his eyes hit up-
on a piece of dark, mixed doekien.
It felt firm and thick, and was in
truth, a handsome piece.

"How is that?" asked Arthur.
"I think it will suit me. It seems
to be firm and good. Not quite so
as clear wool generally is."

"It is an excellent piece—a few
days' wear will soften it," said the
young merchant, trying to appear
candid.

"What is it a yard?"

Now that cloth cost Arthur just
thirty-seven and a half cents per
yard, and he had intended to have
sold it for forty-two, and had placed
his private mark upon it according.
It was just half cotton.

"One dollar!" said he.

And the words, as he spoke them,
struck startlingly upon his own ear.
"You may cut me off three yards,"
said the man; and Arthur hid his face
as he hid the work.

After the cloth was done up the
gentleman paid for it—three dollars—
it was nearly two dollars more than it
cost—a clear profit of nearly two hun-
dred per cent.

a practice to be social with those with
whom he had just traded.

It was a five-dollar bill that the
gentleman had just tendered in pay-
ment, and as he passed it over, he re-
marked:

"I suppose that is the lowest price
that you will take?"

"It is the lowest I ought to take,"
said Arthur, trying to hide his tremu-
lousness, for he had done something
he knew to be wrong.

"Very well," said the stranger. "I
always wish to pay a fair living price
to everyone with whom I deal, always
trusting," he added with a smile,
"that I shall be treated honestly in
return."

He took his change and left the
store. Arthur took down his blotter
and thought to enter the sale he had
just made; but he hesitated. Those
pages were all fair and honest. He
dared not place there the record of
the first dishonest act he had ever
done! O, how he wished that his
customer had not come; how he
wished he could recall the thing he
had done. But it was too late. He
had tried the experiment!

"Why—what's the matter, Arthur?"
asked Mrs. Leeman, as her husband
drew back from the supper table that
evening; "you look unhappy."

"And I am unhappy, Sarah,"
faintly replied Arthur; for he had
determined to tell his wife of his bit-
ter experience.

"What is it?" anxiously uttered
the half-frightened wife, moving to
her husband's side, and placing her
arms about his neck.

"Sit down, sit down, Sarah, and I
will tell you."

The woman sat down, but still kept
her arm about her husband's neck.

"Sarah," he said, with a painful
effort, "I have done that to-day
which I never did before in my life.
I have been dishonest! I have lied
and cheated!"

"Lied! You—my husband—cheat-
ed! O, no, no, no, Arthur."

"Yes—a man came into my store
—he was a stranger—a new comer in
town. He trusted to my honesty,
and I lied to him and cheated! O,
Sarah! I wish I had not done it."

"But you did not do it—you could
not."

"Listen to me, my wife. I thought
I would try to make money as fast as
William Sharping does. Last evening
I was in his store and I discovered his
secret. If I disclose it to you, you
will not tell it?"

Sarah promised, and then Arthur
related to her all that had passed. He
told her of Sharping's mode of deal-
ing, and described his own experi-
ment that afternoon.

"I have been dishonest, and I am
unhappy," he said, in conclusion.
"I do not feel the same man that I
did before, for there is one man in the
world towards whom I have done
wrong, and I should not dare to look
him in the face." For some time
Sarah was silent. At length she
raised her lips to her husband's
face and kissed him.

"Forgive me," she whispered,
"for it was I who did this wrong.
O, forgive me, Arthur, I was blind
—foolish, I was envious. O, I would
rather live in the meanest rags of
penury and want, than the wages of
my husband's dishonesty! I shall
never be envious again. I shall never
again think of bartering sweet 'Con-
tent' for my neighbor's 'Plenty.' It
was I who wronged you. Forgive
me."

It was a scene of mutual forgive-
ness that followed, and that night
both husband and wife prayed that
they might not heed the voice of the
tempter again.

On the next morning the first per-
son who came into the store after
Arthur arrived was the man to whom
the cloth had been sold the day be-
fore. The young merchant felt a
sudden trembling coming to his limbs,
and the worst fears sprang to his
mind. He feared that his wicked-
ness had been detected, and that he
should not have it in his power to
make a free restitution. But he was
mistaken. The gentleman had only
come for some stuff for linings and
facings to the pants he was going to
have made. Arthur's heart leaped
again, for he should have the opportu-
nity he hoped for.

"Ah, sir," he said, after the ar-
ticles just call for had been rolled up,
"I fear there was a small mistake
made yesterday, and I am glad you
called, for I wish it rectified."

"I am not aware of any," returned
the stranger, wondering.

"Step this way, sir," Arthur led
the way to the counter where the sale
of the day had been made, and laying
his hand upon the piece of cloth from
which he had cut the three yards, he
continued:

"You took a pattern from this
piece?"

"Yes, sir."

"And paid me one dollar per yard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir—I was very nervous—
very uncomfortable at the time, and
I made a sad mistake. I should have

asked you but forty-two cents per
yard for it. You may return it and
take another piece, or I will pay you
back the difference, just as you
please."

He choose to keep the cloth, and
Arthur paid him back one dollar and
seventy-four cents. He was very
thankful for the restitution thus
made, and he remained a long while
and chatted with the merchant, often
making a remark upon the charm
which he always experienced when
doing business with one in whose
honor he could confide. He proved
afterward not only to be a good cus-
tomer, but a valuable friend to the
young merchant.

The night Arthur Leeman was hap-
py, and his sweet wife was never hap-
pier in her life, for she had learned
the real value of the blessing she pos-
sessed, and she had gained once more
the treasure she had well-nigh thrown
from her—the sweetest treasure of
her life—Content.

Time sped on. Arthur Leeman
remained strict in his integrity. One
by one customers of William Sharp-
ing dropped into his store. They
had learned the real character of the
dishonest merchant, and they fled
from his counter. In the course of
time Sharping was deeply in debt—
his great house was put up for sale.

Arthur Leeman bought it, and when
he paid for it, he had the sweet, holy
satisfaction that every dollar of the
purchase money had been honestly
earned by far and virtuous dealing.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

In a few weeks, half a hundred young men bubbling over with diplomas and knowledge, will leave their respective institutions of learning never more to return as pupils. Most of them will be over-sanguine in their expectations of what the future will have in store for them, others will regret the change, while still others—a very few, perhaps—will take a calm and moderate view of the situation, and with cautious but firm determination, resolve to be prepared for whatever of good or evil the future may bring.

The young man of the latter class will prove the most successful. To him bread-winning will be comparatively an easy matter. He does not hold the delusive ideas of the young man of the first class mentioned, and consequently will not suffer the keen disappointments which the other will have to undergo. He properly expects to earn his bread by hard work, whereas, in the case of the other, the question of toil has no place in his confident imaginings. No glory can be obtained without toil. No one has ever been crowned with the laurel wreath of fame who has not earned it by hard work. It is true that many who have secured prosperity and comfort have at the outset been just as sanguine as most of the young men who are to graduate now are. But then they learned by experience that prosperity and dollars did not come of themselves, and it is the result of their experience that enables us to give this little piece of admonition concerning the folly of being over-confident. Perhaps it is a virtue and not a fault to be sanguine, but it can not be a virtue to carry such a spirit to excess, and all know that it is characteristic of youth to start out in the battle of life, eager-hearted and confident, to be bewildered and discouraged almost before the strife for existence has begun.

No doubt this term will furnish its full quota (in imagination) of clerks, book-keepers, and all the fine-clothed vocations. Very few will think of following a trade or farming, at least at the beginning; it generally takes a month or two to bring them down to that. But all those who ape the "genteel" occupations, will find that more than good clothes and white hands are required. Beginning a life of business is all very nice to contemplate, but the reality is quite a different thing. The young man who thinks that he has only got to proffer his services, and they will be accepted, makes a sad mistake. There are hundreds both "smart and willing" who have found such to be the case. Hundreds who have discovered that they were doing themselves a service and not the persons addressed when asking for employment. But there is work for all who are willing to work, if they go about obtaining it in the proper manner.

We do not wish to be misunderstood as endeavoring to discourage those who are looking hopefully forward to success in obtaining employment and securing prosperity in any business in which they may engage. We only desire to point out the absurdity of a commonly entertained opinion which is prevalent among boys and young men; that it is an easy task to maintain themselves and to do as their fathers have done before them. Every one of the graduates of all the deaf-mute institutions can succeed in life; but in order to do this, it is necessary to make a humble beginning—to start at the bottom, and with a stout heart, clear head and willing arm, climb upward by hard work and faithful attention to duty.

The riotous proceedings which took place at the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association, ought to act as a warning to its members not to allow disreputable characters to attend its sessions. The expelled secretary, W. A. Bond, delights in making trouble at all times. We do not think any one will object to his creating a disturbance provided he does not drag respectable deaf-mutes into it, and bring reproach upon those who merit none, and who had no hand in the fighting which occurred on the 26th ult. Just before Bond was expelled from the association, he had with him to its rooms two or three well known bad characters, and threatened to cause a fight. It was found necessary to have a policeman in plain clothes at hand to quell any disturbance that might arise. Bond got word of this latter fact and acted quietly and discreetly. But at last he has carried out his threat, though it is questionable whether the fight was entirely satisfactory to him. Judging from the punishing he received, it must have been anything but pleasant.

Let the Manhattan Literary Association refuse admittance to such men as W. A. Bond, and, we venture to say, the association will continue to flourish and improve as it has done during the past year.

When Bond was connected with it as a member, the whole time was taken up in impeaching and trying (after a fashion) members whose records were flawless. Since he was expelled, all has gone well with the association, until he began attending the meetings as a non-member.

Remember, gentlemen of the Manhattan Literary Association, it is a duty which you owe to yourselves and the respectable deaf-mutes of New York to keep order at all meetings. It is all well enough to be good-naturedly tolerant, but the time has arrived when toleration ceases to be a virtue.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Jay J. Borden has removed from Jackson to Detroit, Mich.

Principal Dennison of the Columbia Institution was at the Hartford School last week.

Fred Fennel likes to live at Wolcott, N. Y., and expects to go to Oswego next week to visit his friends.

On Sunday, May 15th, Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, held a service for deaf-mutes in Bridgeport, Conn., in the afternoon and evening.

It is expected that Miss Georgie Loomis will return to Hartford next Fall, she having been obliged to leave school on account of poor health.

Freddie Coraney is informed that we do not sell the two-handed alphabet card, we print only the single-handed alphabet. Our price list is printed in each issue of the JOURNAL.

Mr. Morse, of Gloucester, Mass., an old deaf-mute gentleman, is now at work in the Boston Directory at Rand, Avery & Co.'s, and will keep him at work for a short time. He formerly worked for this firm.

Martin Krendosky has given up the cigar-making business, and is now employed in the hardware line. He says he is doing well, but thinks of going to school in the Fall, either to the Buffalo or the Rochester Institution.

On the evening of the 25th inst., Mr. Harry White, who is teaching the deaf-mutes in Beverly, Mass., delivered an interesting lecture before the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity in this city. They were very much pleased with it.

Rev. S. Rowe, of Mass., preached to the deaf-mutes at Ballou Hall in Nashua, N. H., on the 22d inst., at 11 A. M. He also delivered an interesting sermon to them in the evening of the same day, and Rev. H. B. Smith read it to the hearing people present.

Daniel W. Cary, of Boston, with other composers worked on "Revised New Testament" all night from 6:30 P. M. (Friday) till 7 A. M. (Saturday), May 20 and 21. Then he went home to have a nap for a few hours. He also had to work Saturday night from 5 till 10 o'clock.

Stamford, Conn., is the native place of an eight-year old mute girl, Maybelle Stealon, by name. It is understood from reliable information that she will be sent to Hartford School next Fall. Her folks have recently received a pleasant visit from Miss Ella Lockwood.

Mr. Henry G. Stephens, of Stratford, Conn., was engaged in the chrome selling business, but is now retired from active employment, on account of his impaired sight. As he lost his hearing in the late war, he is now the recipient of a pension from the pockets of "Uncle Sam."

On Monday, May 16th, the Barnum Circus made its appearance in Bridgeport, Conn. On account of the inclemency of the weather, the parade on the principal streets was limited. The Bridgeport deaf-mutes show no interest in the great show. Only three deaf-mutes were present. The well known Barnum belongs to this place.

A deaf-mute book-canvaser recently came across a lady in Stamford, Conn. She is an expert at the deaf-mute alphabet. She informed the canvaser that she had lost her husband, a deaf-mute by the name of Barnes, who was once a pupil at the Hartford School. He was shot dead by a relative one night, who mistook the man for a burglar.

There resides in Stratford, Conn., a semi-mute whose name is Lockwood. He follows the occupation of a fisherman, having never attended any deaf and dumb school. He lost his hearing when fifteen years of age. He has a good home, consisting of a wife and four children. Mr. Lockwood and his wife (a hearing lady) talk well with each other by the mute alphabet.

The Kansas School will close next week.

Ranald Douglass, the mute photographer, will be married in June.

W. J. Nelson has left Virginia, and taken up his abode in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Kentucky Institution closes on June 29th, and the pupils leave for home on the following day.

In Rome, N. Y., Mrs. Evan W. Evans, nee Mary Farwood, has another son, born on the 25th of May.

Prof. J. S. Davis, teacher at the Georgia Institution, keeps about 75 bee-hives and 120 sheep and lambs.

Mr. Weeks, teacher at the Hartford Asylum, preached to the mutes of Boston and vicinity, on Sunday forenoon, the 29th.

R. Herrick, of the New York School, was suddenly called to Connecticut on business last week.

Miss Leedom, of Philadelphia, Pa., wants Mrs. Aaron Bryan's address. Her maiden name was Cole. Please send address to No. 1119 Ogden street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. C. W. Wright was married to Miss Rich last March. Mr. Wright was formerly a teacher of the Georgia Institution. He owns a large grocery store and a bakery.

The mutes of Cleveland, O., talk of having an excursion to Put-in-Bay on the Fourth of July to attend the Grand Combination Picnic. Those who reside out of Cleveland and desire to take part in the amusement, are perfectly welcome to join them.

In the item which appeared in last week's JOURNAL, it was printed that Miss Mollie Sykes was a teacher at the Staunton, Va., Institution. She was not a teacher, but a pupil, and was taught by Prof. Saunders, now of the Mississippi Institution.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., lately visited Corry, Pa. While there he met and had a pleasant time with Misses Hubbard and Hatch and Mr. Sven Malmar. He has a nice room at the Windsor Hotel in Jamestown, where he boards.

The Annual Concert of the pupils of the Virginia Institution will take place in the Music Hall, Staunton, on the evening of Tuesday, June 7th, at eight o'clock. The Annual Exhibition will be held at the same place on the morning of Wednesday June 8th, at half after ten o'clock.

George Grubear, who graduated from the New York Institution seven years ago, and who had his leg broken by a fall in a bone factory some two years ago, visited his Alma Mater Sunday last. He is in good health, and is at present earning \$8.50 a week in a fire-work manufactory in Brooklyn, E. D.

Ira Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., was in New York last week. He attended the Manhattan Literary Association and witnessed the disgraceful row in which W. A. Bond got whipped. The next day he visited the New York Institution and also Mrs. Frank Roberts, at her new home in Carmansville.

At a meeting of the Common Council of the City of New York, a resolution was offered and adopted to allow the City Opera House to be used for the Deaf-Mute Convention in August. President Rider expects to have all the arrangements completed in time for publication in the JOURNAL of June 9th.

Mr. John Vierz, who is employed as a first-class printer at W. W. Williams' Publishing House, Cleveland, O., expresses his intention of leaving his home soon for Chicago to work for his brother at the restaurant opposite the entrance of the Chicago, Fort Wayne & Pittsburgh depot, so as to have the opportunity of looking for employment at his trade.

Mr. Washington Houston, of Frankford, Pa., attended the deaf-mute Lyceum last Wednesday evening. He was much pleased with the entertainment, and thinks that the Lyceum is very useful to the deaf-mutes. The meetings are held in the magnificent building of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the corner of Chestnut and 15th streets.

About three weeks ago, sneak thieves broke into the cellar of J. R. Pimm, of Wolcott, N. Y., and stole therefrom a quantity of beef and pork. The tracks of the thief were found the next morning, and led Mr. Pimm to suspect some one, but he had not sufficient proofs to convict him, so he thought it advisable and wise not to arrest him until he could obtain sufficient evidence against him.

Louis A. Rosenmund, of Patterson, Pa., writes,—"Mr. Charles H. Sherlock has gone to St. Louis, where he has secured good employment in the steel works. He was taken to the hospital there some time in December last, where he was confined a little over three months on account of his foot being smashed by a 600 pound rail falling on it. He is all right again now. We are glad that the Convention of Pennsylvania graduates is to be held at Harrisburg next August. I would like to attend it very much, as I have not seen my schoolmates for from two to ten years, but I can't say, at present, whether my wishes will be realized or not."

N. J. Ellis, of Catawissa, Pa., thinks that if nothing happens he will go to the first convention of deaf-mutes of Pennsylvania, to be held on the 20th of August, at Harrisburg, which is a very suitable place to hold it. He will be accompanied by W. W. Swartz, who takes great interest in the convention and is a man of intelligence and respectability. Mr. Ellis will be happy to meet his school and class mates there, most of whom he has not seen since he left school. He graduated from the Philadelphia Institution in the spring of 1854, and his sister Annie at the same time. His brother Thomas graduated in the year 1825, both being deaf-mutes.

On the 19th of May, in Baltimore, there was a number of mute friends in attendance at the celebration of the wooden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Elgeldinger, at their home. They had been married five years. More mutes would have attended the party had there been no bad weather. The couple received many useful presents, such as six kitchen chairs from A. Friederich, a deaf-mute cigar manufacturer, a large tub from J. Kaufmann, a patent clothes-horse from J. S. Wells, a flour bucket from Harry Archey, and nice presents from other mutes. The couple both came from Germany when children. The maiden name of the lady was Mary Nost, a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution. The gentleman is a graduate of the College for Deaf-Mutes, at Washington, D. C. They made acquaintance in 1871 at the Philadelphia Convention. The couple were married on the 17th of February 1876. The anniversary would have been observed at that time, but the sickness of their darling daughter hindered it.

A correspondent would like to know DeCoursey French's address.

John E. Cox is working in the Vulean Steel Works, in South St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Allie H. Freeman, who graduated from the Michigan Institution last year, and was the valedictorian, is now living in Lafayette, Ind.

Theodore Ellis, of Jordan, Minn., one of the graduates of the Minnesota Institution, has been very sick, but was improving at last accounts.

Miss Emily Wells, a member of the High Class of the New York School, was called home by telegraph Monday night, owing to the death of her uncle.

William Pile, a deaf-mute, is at home in Pall Mall, Kentress Co., Miss. He recently killed a deer, a wild turkey and forty-eight squirrels while on a hunting expedition. He has a new rifle.—*Silent Observer*.

George Allen, a classmate of A. J. Berg at the Minnesota Institution, writes from Chatfield, Minn., concerning his death. "The mourners are not confined to the Institution; he had friends all over the State."

Rev. Job Turner arrived at Knoxville on the 11th, and spent several days with us. He lectured to the pupils every morning and evening while here, and all of these exercises proved highly interesting and edifying.—*Silent Observer*.

Mr. Edmund Booth, the writer of the "Reminiscences," published in the *Honeybee*, printed on the first page, is a deaf-mute gentleman 71 years of age. He has for many years past been editor of the *Amnosa Eureka*, published at Amnosa, Iowa.

John H. Harris died in St. Paul, Minn., on the 8th inst. He was one of the early graduates of the Minnesota Institution, was a printer by trade, and for several years successfully filled the position of foreman in the office of the *North-Western Chronicle*. He leaves a wife and two children.

Mayor Latrobe was in receipt of a letter on Saturday from Mr. Enoch Pratt stating that Gray, Dumb and Frederick on the 28th of this month, and inviting the Mayor to be present. He will accept the invitation if it is possible for him to get away at that time.—*Baltimore Sun*, May 23.

The Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Society will celebrate its Second Anniversary Picnic at Highland House on Mt. Adams, Thursday, June 30th. They have engaged Thompson's Band to furnish music for the occasion. From present appearances, the picnic will be a success. All friends of the society are cordially invited to join them in the pleasures of that day.

The best Base Ball players at the Minnesota Institution among the boys have formed a club called the "Clippers," of which J. F. Riley is the Captain. The members and their positions are: T. T. Gage, Catcher; H. A. Shanks, Pitcher; O. Hanson, 1st Base; J. F. Riley, 2nd Base; R. Kule, 3rd Base; C. Thompson, Right Field; E. Benz, Left Field; J. Dehler, Short Stop; L. W. Hodgman, Center Field.

Mrs. George Homer and Miss Belle Flag, both of Boston, Mass., gave Daniel W. Cary and his family a pleasant call on Fast Day last April and stopped a little while, and then returned home at night.

Malden, where Mr. Cary lives, is a very pretty place, and has over 12000 inhabitants. Mr. Albert S. Tufts, who is engaged in studying at the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., is a native of that town. He will come home next month.

It is fully understood that John O. David, of New Hampshire, has recently assumed the responsibility of collector for the Boston Deaf-Mute Society to fill the place left vacant by the resignation of Albert Hargrave. Mr. David is not a new collector, but has been for a few years employed to collect funds for the same society in the State of New Hampshire. The writer thinks Mr. David should collect nowhere but in Massachusetts. Let the Granite State Mission have its rights in its own bounds.

The Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Society have engaged Rev. Mr. Turner and Rev. Mr. Mann to deliver lectures before the Society. The former gentleman's appointment is on Friday evening, June 10th, and the latter Saturday evening, June 11th, at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, corner of Sixth and Elm streets. Those who are desirous of attending their lectures, can have an opportunity of coming to the city at that time. Also, Rev. Mr. Mann intends to preach to the mutes at St. John's Episcopal Church, Sunday afternoon, June 12th, at 3 o'clock.

We recently learned that one of the first pupils of the Kansas Institute, who has been a sufferer for 12 or 15 years from epileptic fits, and who has been under medical treatment for more than a year, is in a fair way to recover permanently from the effects of the distressing complaint. It may not be inappropriate, in this connection, to state the primary cause of the misery he has endured for so long. The physician under whose treatment he is, was inclined to believe that it was on account of the brutality and inhumanity of his teacher. Upon making inquiries from those who are in a position to know, there was no doubt whatever in the matter. It is not a pleasant thing for a teacher to realize the awful consequences attendant upon a lack of self control on his part. Could he but look, for a moment, into the future, and see what misery and suffering he is responsible for, he might be more obedient to the promptings of humanity and the dictates of reason.—*Index*.

Mute Meetings.

The mute excursion to Olathe Saturday was a delightful affair, and much enjoyed by the participants. The faculty of the Institute did everything in their power to make the visit pleasant for their Kansas City visitors.

The Olathe school contains about 140 pupils, who all did their utmost to entertain their guests. The Kansas City mutes desire especially to tender their thanks to Superintendent W. H. DeMotte and the teachers, Mr. Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. Arrangements are being made for a course of lectures to be given to the deaf and dumb residents of this city. It is expected that Messrs. Roberts, Thompson and Prof. DeMotte will lecture to them during the Summer. The great desideratum is a suitable hall which remains to be provided. The mutes are looking for a desirable location, when the other arrangements can be easily made.—*Kansas City Times*.

MARRIED.

HOBSON—WHITEHEAD—On Wednesday, June 1st, Mr. E. A. Hodgson to Miss Mary, daughter of William Whitehead, of New York City.

W. A. BOND GETS A THRASHING.

A Disgraceful Scene.

WHAT LED TO IT.

The Manhattan Literary Association, on Thursday, May 26th, after adopting two alterations in its Constitution, making the monthly dues of members 25 cents instead of 10 cents, and fixing the initiation fee at \$1, transacted some business not on the programme, and which was calculated to do away with the character of the Association and the objects of its meetings which was nothing less than a fight, in which W. A. Bond figured as chief instigator, and afterward as a well-whipped man.

In order to give our readers a clearer view of all the facts surrounding the case, and which led to fight which we have mentioned above, it is necessary to go back a little.

About a year ago, W. A. Bond, while a member of the Association and acting as its secretary, was impeached, because he refused to bring the books which he, as secretary, had in his possession, and which the Association wanted in order to investigate some crooked matters connected with his office.

He was afterwards tried and expelled from the Association, but still held on to the Association's property.

All means for securing their property having failed, the Association had recourse to the law, and after a fair hearing, Bond was ordered to return the purloined books. The costs of the lawsuit were, by judgment of the court, levied on Bond, but on consideration of his being a poor man, the court offered to waive the costs, provided the Association's lawyer would agree to do so. After a short consultation with the committee of the Association, the lawyer said his clients had no objection to waiving the costs, so Bond escaped.

Since that time he has been especially bitter against the Association, and has ridiculed it and its members in almost every issue of his paper,—the *Leader*.

His character is so well known in New York that no notice was taken of his attacks, the members being satisfied that all people whose good opinion was worth having would see through his malicious intents, and those who understand logic would easily detect the lying and exaggerated tone of the articles.

This silence and indifference on the part of those whom he slandered and ridiculed seems to have made him still more angry and malicious, and finding that his printed articles had no effect, he appears to have tried another game—that of attending the meetings of the Association, with some of his followers and making trouble while the meetings were in progress.

He attended a meeting three weeks ago, and much indignation was expressed over his interference. The president, George Farley, was absent, and Bond evidently did not have any fear of the member who presided.

On the 26th of May, he again appeared, and, with the exception of putting on his hat and slouching it over his eyes, and laughing derisively at several of the debaters, he was comparatively quiet.

Just before adjournment, and when the president was about to put the motion to adjourn to vote, he rose from his seat drew on his hat, and interrupted the meeting.

As by standing, he obstructed the view of some of the members, the president told him to be seated. With a saucy retort, he obeyed, and continued to work his fingers, when one of the members, William Temple, told him to shut up, that he was not a member, and had no right to cause disorder.

Words followed, and nearly, if not all of the members jumped to their feet, when Bond gave Temple a blow with his fist. Temple immediately retaliated, when Chas. O'Brien and Bob Rusk both jumped upon Temple. Temple, who is a strong man, hit out right and left, and succeeded in giving Bond a sledge-hammer blow on the left cheek, which staggered and cowed him immediately, so that he ran into a corner, and picked up a chair, which he tried to use as a club.

As soon as the three men named attacked Temple, several of the deaf-mutes tried to separate the fighters, and at last succeeded in doing so.

During the melee, benches and chairs were knocked in all directions, and many of them were undoubtedly damaged.

A black walnut railing which incloses the library was broken down. Altogether, it was as disgraceful a scene as we have ever witnessed, and will reflect on the Association a hard name, although it really does not deserve it, having as it has, some of the most intelligent and promising mutes in this vicinity, as members.

Bond was badly punished about the face, and well deserved the whipping which he got; we hope it will prove a lesson, not only to him, but also to other non-members who attend the meetings of the association for the purpose of creating disorder.

In the future its meetings will doubtless be free from the annoyance which has troubled it in the past, and it is to be hoped that a better feeling

between members and non-members will hereafter exist.

Rusk, who is a quarrelsome fellow, had another fight with a mute named Schloss, just after the first fight was finished. Schloss is an inoffensive little fellow, while Rusk is both tall and powerful, and is a disgrace to the mutes of the metropolis.

O'Brien is a shoemaker, and is considered a good sort of fellow. He clings to Bond through thick and thin. They were old classmates at the New York Institution. We are sorry for Chas. O'Brien; he is worthy of a better class of companions.

What further action the association will take in the matter remains to be seen; but come what may, through thick and thin, it must stand by its heroic member—William Temple. Such men are an acquisition to the club, for roughs learn to fear them, and therefore respect the organization with which they are connected.

This occurrence should not discourage the association in its efforts to promote the intellectual welfare of its members, but should stimulate them to redouble exertions in the work which it has undertaken, and we hope we shall never be called upon to chronicle such another occurrence in its rooms.

AMERICUS.

"COLUMBUS."

A WEEK'S PICNICING AND THE RESULT—A DEFEAT FOR THE INDEPENDENTS, WHICH MUST MAKE THEM AND THEIR FRIENDS HANG THEIR HEADS FOR ONCE.

Superintendent Gillett's edict in the Illinois Institution against showy and expensive dress on the part of graduates on Commencement Day, is not only sensible but timely also. It must be a matter of congratulation on the part of those who, on such occasions, are compelled to shoulder the expenses, that they are thus relieved of the burden. It would be a good idea were such a rule enforced in all institutions of learning, for there is no sense in going to so much fuss and money just to make one appear to good advantage outwardly.

In this day, it is not the fine clothes the speakers are donned in on graduation day that are most judged by the public. It is common sense, culture and general intelligence that are looked to as the standard. Plain, neat clothes will, on such occasions, do the speaker as much credit as silk or broad-cloth, and another satisfaction gained will be that those who have to bear the expense will be richer in their purse. We hope to see Dr. Gillett's rule on this subject become more general in our institutions.

That it is not always safe, especially at night, to make fun of the physical defects of semi-mutes as regards their zig-zag gait, will appear from the following incident:

The other night, about ten o'clock, one of the hearing teachers, in company with a mute lady, were promenading along a street. The gentleman thought it would be funny to go staggering along just as semi-mutes are wont to do; so began swaying from one side to the other, making passers-by really think they had too much on. A policeman, seeing their capers and as they were rather noisy in their talking and laughing, came up and laid hands on them, and was about to conduct the two to the city prison. Explanations followed from the party, and they were allowed their freedom again, pretty well seared to be sure at the narrow escape they had from a night in the city's bastille, and we hope they have learned a lesson they will not soon forget.

There was a fire Monday morning in the near neighborhood of the institution, and the pupils were more eager to witness it than eat their breakfast. The fire was in Mr. Everett's stable, which was totally destroyed, including a fine horse. But for Mr. Sam, one of the little boys came near seeing his last fire on this earth. He was jerked away just as one of the fire engines was about to run over him.

The Russell is being relieved of its winter's store of flowers and plants, which are being set out in convenient places about the grounds, thereby giving them a tasteful appearance.

The carpenters have been busy during the week constructing benches under some of the trees on both sides of the front-ground; a much needed addition, and now we have lads and lasses on Sundays can enjoy outdoor chats in the cool of the shade.

Below is a full list of those who will sever their connection with the Institution at the close of the present term, by completing their allotted course, or having reached the prescribed school limit:

Otis Vance, J. Mott Woolley, Henry Bards, Frederic Wilson, Jessie E. Sawhill, Jacob Rode, August Boos, George Klein, Caroline Judy, Ella B. Morgan, Emma B. Gray, Oriella E. Saylor, Mary L. Woolley, Annie E. Fogle, Ollie Locke, John W. Mackey, Annie M. Fze, John P. Bush.

A small owl got into the library this noon and took a position on the head of the stuffed pelican, on one of the book cases, where he drew quite an audience for a while to gaze at his curiosity-ship. No doubt he felt quite at home among the stuffed birds and deer heads.

Isiah Mock, while walking along the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, near Mt. Vernon, this State, was struck by a passenger train and instantly killed yesterday. He was a semi-mute, and about fifty-five years old at the time of the accident. He entered the Institution in 1848, at the age of twenty-two, and remained under instruction only one year.

We are informed that Mr. Charles

H. Rice was married to a hearing lady of Springfield, O., on Monday last.

Monday being Decoration Day, the pupils will be allowed a half holiday, commencing at 12 M. On the afternoon of the same day, a memorial fountain, marble bed with a metallic statue of the late Dr. S. M. Smith, for many years the Institution's physician, will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The fountain has been placed at the south-east corner of High and Broad Streets.

The final examinations of the year begin on Tuesday. The Committee for each class consists of the Superintendent and the teachers of the second class, above and below the one to be examined.

The Independents, this afternoon, again met the Mutuals, of Capital Hill University, over at the Barnacks, and for the first time they are *not* theirs. The game throughout was close and interesting, but was lost to the Independents by several errors. At the close of the game, the victors were invited to sup at the Institution, which they accepted, and where they passed the evening socially.

Below, the score of the game will tell the story of the Independents' defeat.

MUTUALS.		INDEPENDENTS.	
Baum, 2 b.	R. O.	Leib, 2 b.	R. O.
Dietrich, c.	1 3	Clement, s. s.	

Correspondence.
[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Notable Improvements.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

A SLIGHT MISHAP.

VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

For the past week an unusually active scene has been witnessed in the neighborhood of the Gym. Through a desire to have that building completed as far as possible previous to the close of the college year, an extra force of men are at work on it. Their handiwork forms an interesting subject of criticism on the part of the students who are regular visitors to the building. In fact it would appear that we are all animated by an anxiety that the work will not go on right unless a number of us are present to direct things. But all this is pure zeal, and only proves the interest which we all feel in its completion. By the end of the next week the exterior will be finished, and some time later the interior will be ready for its furniture.

Another point of interest which daily claims the attention of our young men is the laying down of an asphalt pavement. This pavement is a continuation of College Row and will run from the main college entrance as far as the entrance to the Gym. About one half of the new road is already completed, and is an admirable improvement. It may be said of our grounds that few in the city equal them in splendor. The wide and level drives, lined with verdant lawns and blooming foliage present a sight which is the admiration of all beholders. As our buildings are superior in architectural beauty to those of any Institution for the deaf, we can also claim for our grounds an excellence over any deaf-mute institution in the country. Well may the inhabitants of Kendall Green be proud of their surroundings.

As the days roll along, the question of where or when our annual

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION will be held is occupying our minds. Doubtless the managers of the school will save us all trouble on that account, but all of us feel a responsibility nevertheless. Some are in favor of going to Annapolis, seeing the Naval Academy and play the cadets a match game of base ball. This is not a bad idea. Others suggest that Harper's Ferry is a point of more interest and consequently worth seeing rather than Annapolis. A third party, who form a decided majority, don't care much where it may be held, so that it comes off and is held at least ten miles from college. But we are all anticipating too much. That the excursion will come off seems to be a settled fact; that it will be a success no one disputes. So let the managers decide the time and place, and the students will undoubtedly be on time to enjoy the fun.

The Kendalls' third match game of base ball on Saturday, the 28th, was abruptly ended by

A SLIGHT MISHAP, which happened to Mr. Haskins, '85, catcher for the Kendalls. The match was between the Kendalls and the Howards, of Alexandria, Va., and had progressed as far as the sixth inning, when through a mishap, a very swift ball struck the catcher's mask, bending it inward and cutting Mr. Haskins above the right eye brow. Prompt assistance was given him by the home club, and everything was done to make him comfortable. The wound is not a serious one, and will probably be healed in about a week. It is to be hoped that Mr. Haskins will soon be well again, as without his assistance the Kendalls would be weak indeed. His playing this season has been a feature of remark and admiration, and but for the unhappy accident, the Kendalls might have earned their first victory for the season. There seems to be a Johab in the club, as from one cause or another, all their match games thus far have been a succession of failures. It is not that the club is not strong, as all agree that the material is good, but somehow or other they come off second best. Yet the nine are not at all discouraged, and as long as their pluck continues we can hope the best for them.

CHIPS.
The lightning-rod man is around. Mr. Allabough, '84, returned from the Y. M. C. Convention at Cleveland, Saturday.

Our Janitor aint very happy just now. Cause "gum bile."

Now is the time to order your railroad tickets. Apply to J. B. W. Room No. 1.

Mr. Dennison returned on Saturday evening from a trip north. He enjoyed his short excursion.

As a result of over-exertion, the gate keeper is suffering from an affliction of the lungs. Hope he will soon recover.

The only relics of Presentation

Day now noticeable are the bouquet frames adorning the windows of the seniors' rooms.

To-day being a holiday, we have no recitations. The students are out enjoying themselves in various ways, and have a fine day for their recreation. LESTER MONTESE.

May 30, '81.

Death of Dr. James Banks Underwood.

The above named, for a long time a leading citizen of North Georgia, died at his residence in Cave Spring, on last Friday night, at 12 o'clock.

Dr. Underwood was born in Elbert County, Ga., on the 10th of September, 1810. He was the eldest son of Wm. H. Underwood, long and favorably known in North Georgia. He received a good education for his day and the section of the State in which he lived. In 1828, he commenced the study of medicine under the late Dr. Freeman, of Carnesville, Ga., an eminent man in his profession. In 1830, he went to Transylvania Medical College at Lexington, Ky., where he graduated in 1833.

On his return home, he began the practice of his profession, and very soon arrived at a commanding position. He settled at Cassville, then in Cass county, now Bartow, when a young man. His competitors and generous rivals were Drs. Miller, Hamilton and Young. Confidence in his adaptation to the pursuit was soon inspired, and at the commencement of the late war, and for long afterward he enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. Like all, or most all, of true men, he suffered in fortune.

At the close of this unpleasant period, he spent two years in Lowndes County, Ga., where he resided.

Previous to the war, in 1854, he moved to Rome. Our older citizens will remember him. He returned to Rome in 1867, and practiced here again for a few years. Then he moved to Cave Spring, and was a physician to the Asylum for the deaf and dumb. He enjoyed the esteem of the place and surrounding country. When his remains were carried to the train, to be brought to Rome for interment, they were followed by many of the business men, old and young gentlemen and ladies of that refined community. It was a touching scene to see the schools and the mutes paying the last tribute of respect to their "beloved physician."

OBITUARY.

(From the Mute's Companion.)

With sincere sorrow we announce the death of Axel Julius Berg, one of our best and brightest pupils, at the age of 17 years 2 months and 4 days.

Axel entered school in September, 1874. He began right, taking from the first a leading position in his class, in both scholarship and deportment, and maintaining it uninterruptedly to the end. Being intelligent, studious and persevering, he made rapid progress. Thoroughness in his work was one of his leading characteristics. He was a member of the first class, and was preparing for college at the time of his death. In moral character, he was almost perfect, and he enjoyed in a remarkable degree the respect and confidence of officers and pupils. He had not an enemy in the world. Axel had not been feeling well for some time previous to his last illness, but no serious apprehensions were felt regarding him until three days before his death, when the disorder developed into a severe attack of cerebro spinal meningitis complicated with congestion of the lungs. During the last night, evidently aware that the end was near, he left loving messages for his parents, sister and brother and assured those about him that he trusted in Christ and had no fear of death. He bore his sufferings with wonderful fortitude, until Friday morning, May 13th, at ten minutes past six o'clock, when his bright young life, so full of hope and promise, went out, and he was at rest. His grief-stricken father arrived a few hours after his death. At 2 p.m., the funeral services were held in the chapel, being conducted by Rev. James Dobbin, Rector of Shattuck School, after the form of the Episcopal Church, which Axel attended. Two of the girls recited in concert, the beautiful hymn,

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

"Asleep in Jesus! O hush sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!"

"Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power."

Superintendent Noyes spoke of the excellent moral character of the deceased, stating among other things that he had never found it necessary to reprove him, even in the slightest degree, for misconduct of any kind during the seven years he had been at school.

The casket was decorated with beautiful flowers, prepared by loving hands for the sad occasion. In the afternoon, his father took the remains to his home near Eggleston, in Goodhue County, for interment.

Our friend has left us—gone, as his father aptly expressed it, "to a better home." But the bright example of his life remains, and will remain for years to come to stimulate and encourage those who are striving to follow in his footsteps.

WASHINGTON.

The Deaf-Mute College Anniversary.

LIBERALITY OF HON. AMOS KENDALL.

What he did for Deaf-Mutes

(From the Louisville Courier-Journal.)

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The world is indebted to three deaf-mutes for two important inventions, and two of the most successful teachers in the world. It is not generally known that the widow of Prof. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, is a mute. The signs which her husband used in communicating with her, suggested to him the telegraph. Prof. Bell has a wife who is a mute, and her misfortune suggested to her husband the telephone and the photophone.

Mr. Edward Gallaudet, President of the Deaf and Dumb College in this city, and his brother, Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, had a deaf and dumb mother. Their love and reverence for this good mother, and the example set by their father, induced them both to devote their talents to the instruction of those who entered the world afflicted, and one is a teacher in the college where the dumb are taught to speak, and where the moral and reasoning powers are more highly and satisfactorily developed than in the colleges devoted to the instruction of those who are denied no faculty, and yet make so poor a use of their blessings.

When Prof. Morse came to Washington to plead before Congress for a trial of his invention, and later was confronted by House with his telegraph, he employed the Hon. Amos Kendall as his counsel. Mr. Kendall was introduced to Mrs. Morse, and became so interested in her that he ever after took the liveliest interest in deaf-mutes. This interest found expression in 1856, when he donated his homestead, Kendall Green, and two acres as a nucleus for a college for deaf-mutes. The gift was valued at \$10,000, and in 1857 the institution was duly organized with Mr. Kendall as President. In 1864 he was succeeded by Mr. Edward Gallaudet, who is still President of the College. On Wednesday last, the seventeenth anniversary of the institution was held, and diplomas conferred upon six graduates. I may remark here that this is

THE ONLY DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE

in the world, and its patrons are highly gratified by its success and prosperity. The College buildings are situated at the edge of the city on one of the loveliest plateaus in the suburbs. Kendall Green has grown from two acres of land into 100 of beautifully cultivated lawns and flower-beds. City improvements extend to the inclosed grounds. The buildings consist of handsome residences for the President and corps of Professors, the College building and chapel, all of a beautiful style of architecture. Each "anniversary" and "presentation-day" draws forth all the patrons of the institution, and an interested audience composed of the scientific, literary and fashionable people of Washington.

Last Wednesday was a lovely May-day. The scene at Kendall Green was worthy of the great and good man who laid the foundation. The chapel seated 600 people, and all the seats were filled by 3 p.m., the hour appointed for the exercises. A fine portrait of Mr. Kendall by Huntington hangs in the hall, and one of Dr. Gallaudet, the father of the President. There is also a bust of Abbe Sicard, the inventor of the system of educating the deaf and dumb. Lovely flowers and the colors of the college, buff and blue, decorated the chapel, and many young ladies wore charming spring toilets of white and other delicate fabrics.

President Gallaudet escorted President Garfield to the platform, and ex-Speaker Randall escorted Mr. W. Corcoran to a seat next to the President. Beside these there were on the platform the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet of St. Ann's church, New York, and who also is Superintendent of the Home for Age and Infirm Deaf-Mutes in that city. Col. Garrick Mallory, who has written a work upon the sign language of the Indians, was present; so was Prof. Newcomb, of the Observatory, and Prof. Graham Bell. There were many others who take a lively interest in scientific instruction between the orations delivered by the graduates, Mr. Gallaudet gave a specimen of the way the dumb are taught to speak. This

SYSTEM OF VISIBLE LANGUAGE

was invented by the father of Prof. Graham Bell. On a blackboard there were broken lines in chalk, beginning with a short line, and each one longer than the preceding one. A boy, eight years old, a girl twelve, and another one six, stood up, and in turn articulated "Oh!" dwelling longer and longer as the lines indicated. Next they uttered different letters of the alphabet; then ba, be, etc.; next three, letters, finally, words and sentences. Their voices are unnatural, but training will remedy that defect. One boy who lost his hearing, after scarlet fever, when very young, but had partially retained his speech, has been so benefited by the instruction

he has received that he recited a poem with fine elocutionary effect. Another read his oration and the others, by graceful gestures and signs, delivered essays which were interpreted to the audience by one of the Professors who read aloud from manuscript. In the absence of the Secretary of the Interior, Hon. Samuel Randall was called upon to address the graduates. Although called upon unexpectedly, yet he had been so so impressed by all he had been seen and heard that his remarks were quite felicitous. Mr. Randall and Gen. Garfield have both been interested in the College since the beginning of their Congressional career. Both have always favored such appropriations as have been asked of Congress year after year for improvements and additions to the College and grounds. Both Mr. Randall and the President reverted to this fact as affording their great satisfaction on this occasion.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD

in his address said that the man was called a benefactor who had made two blades of grass, to grow where only one had grown before; how much more, said he, was this true of the work which created a new class, who under the old common law, were scarcely considered responsible beings or citizens. Who could limit the power, or influence of each one of these intelligent, cultivated young men, who are now so well fitted for the duties, and responsibilities of life? Gen. Garfield is the most concise, forcible and pointed speaker on such occasions that I have heard. While he was in Congress I was never impressed by his manner or speeches, but in a short, impromptu address without the trappings of party, or an eye to further political honors, he is inimitable.

The Rev. F. D. Power, pastor of the Christian church, was present and opened the exercises with an invocation. He has the finest voice I have heard. Not the musical voice of George W. Curtis, but the clear, strong, sonorous voice of a healthy, full developed man, devoid of mannerism or affectation.

After the College exercises were over, President and Mrs. Gallaudet held a reception at their residence from 5 to 7 p.m.

Since the anniversary of the Columbia Deaf-Mute College, I have been looking over the life of Amos Kendall, written by his son-in-law, William Stickney, a lawyer in this city. I find that Mr. Kendall passed many years of his life in Kentucky, and married both of his wives there. In 1814 Amos Kendall, a young graduate of Dartmouth College, entered Lexington, Ky., with less than \$20 in his pocket. He had started from his home in Massachusetts with nearly \$300, but the cost of his long journey and a few days spent in Washington and Pittsburg had exhausted nearly all of this sum. Henry Clay was then absent in Europe, but Mrs. Clay offered the young man a home, the use of her husband's library, and \$300 a year to teach her five children—two boys and three girls. Mr. Kendall kept a diary and it is very interesting reading. He had a great respect for Mrs. Clay, and although he found Theodore and Thomas rather unruly days, yet he became attached to them. He speaks of the girls as having fine minds and good dispositions.

Mrs. Clay introduced young Kendall in society, and his time on the whole passed off pleasantly. He only remained about a year with Mrs. Clay before he was admitted to the bar after being examined by the judges at Frankfort. Not succeeding as a lawyer, he sold his law books to Shadrach Penn for \$23. This extensive library consisted of the laws of Kentucky and Storey's Pleadings. He now became editor of the *Miner's Press*, and purchased an interest in the paper. Later he established another paper called the *Religious Intelligencer*. As an editor, however, he made most of his reputation on the *Argus*. After struggling with poverty four years, he was in a position to marry, and offered his hand and heart to Miss Mary B. Woolfolk, of Jefferson County. They were married at her father's house, October, 1818. The marriage was a very happy one, but lasted only five years, when Mrs. Kendall died of fever, leaving three children. On the 5th of January, 1826, Mr. Kendall married again, selecting for his wife, Miss Jane Kyle, a lady twenty years his junior.

After General Jackson's election, in 1818, Mr. Kendall turned his face toward Washington, and March 21, 1829, he received his commission as Fourth Auditor of the Treasury Department. He writes this to his wife, and says that with a salary of \$3,000 a year, he would be perfectly happy if he had all his debts paid in Kentucky and had his family with him. After this Mr. Kendall

CONTINUED TO REAP HONORS and acquire wealth. He was Postmaster General under Jackson, and became a prominent man in the church, in politics and in all intellectual, scientific and charitable circles. He acquired wealth and was liberal in its distribution. A costly and beautiful Baptist church he erected as a memorial to his last wife. This Church cost \$60,000. Two years after it was finished it was destroyed by fire, and Mr. Kendall promptly rebuilt it, with improvements upon its predecessor. The church had been insured for \$50,000, and Mr. Kendall added \$15,000 to this sum. He lived to see the church finished and dedicated Sunday, July 11, 1869. He died the following November. His memory is held in great affection, not only by his church and

those who were connected with him in the Sunday-school, but by those who were associated with him during the vicissitudes of the country before, during and after the war.

It will do the young men of the present day much good to read of the exertions, the struggles and the final success of such men as Amos Kendall and Alexander Stephens, of Georgia. FAY.

Colorado Cullings.

Ed. JOURNAL.—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chaney, a happy and pleasant mute couple, was given an ice cream party recently. Many guests were present, and among them your correspondent.

The effective organization of a base ball club took place last Saturday, but the name of it has not yet been decided upon. The club is to be under the management of deaf-mutes only, but as there are not enough mutes, some hearing boys have to be admitted to membership. They have every expectation of being able to make the club entirely out of picked deaf-mutes next fall, and then be in a position to play for the championship.

The editor of the *Tablet* has been in some degree cross-eyed. It is our belief that he had two papers spread out on his table—one the *JOURNAL* and the other the *Leader*. He read my last article in the *JOURNAL* with one eye and read the *Leader* with the other, and thought it a very good item for his paper to say, "A western correspondent of the *Leader*," instead of "a western correspondent of the *JOURNAL*." The next time, I hope the editor of the *Tablet* will shut the eye that looks the wrong way when he is reading our articles. He is curious to know how the man of the great west means business. Mr. Harbert went to the mountains on business. Like every body who do such things, he did not return with his capital, but he did not stay long. When a man here means business, he simply goes to the mountains with perhaps \$500,000, stays there only a few days and returns without the money. But please do not think Mr. Harbert met with any misfortune. He owns shares in some of the best paying mines in all the west. Now the saying is, "Harbert has already struck it rich." Your correspondent would like to know when Mr. Harbert's name will be on the list of "mute millionaires."

Mr. John P. Deise has done some thing big in real estate speculation. He invested \$150 in a lot last winter and now refuses to sell it for \$500. We congratulate him for knowing just where to put his money. We have lately heard that Mr. O. H. J. Kennedy secured a very good position in one of the engraving establishments of Chicago. He is somewhat missed by the mute community here, for he was a very attractive and pleasant young man, and did much towards keeping up good spirits in our society. New he has gone to get experience in metropolitan life, and we wonder how he likes it.

We are having rain most of the time, and the road leading to the Institution is very muddy. The *Index* scribbler, while on his way to the Institution with plenty of items in mind ready to put on paper, slipped down in about six inches of the aforesaid mud and all the news slipped his memory with the hard tug he made to get out.

Mr. John C. Hutchinson, a graduate of the Minnesota Institution, has been around town doing odd jobs, but he knows how to make money fast enough. The most part of last year he was out on the plains herding sheep. He now says, from experience, that sheep herding is a hard business, from the fact that the herder has to be alone all the time. He had no one to talk with or barly any thing to read, but Mr. H. tried to make things as comfortable as possible by talking to himself.

Miss Emma Cox, a stout mute lady of some nineteen summers, is now living at Canon City.

HIEROGLYPH.

MATRIMONIAL.

On Saturday, the 28th inst., about half past eight o'clock in the evening, a wedding took place in St. Ann's Church between two deaf-mutes. The couple were Miss Louisa Soine and Mr. William Donnelly, both of New York City.

The nuptial ceremony was solemnized by Rev. John Chamberlain. The bridesmaid and groomsmen were the sister and brother (hearing) of the bride.

A few friends, mostly the grooms' were invited. Mr. Hankinson and the writer were the only deaf-mutes who witnessed the ceremony.

Never before in my life have I witnessed so solemn a marriage as that of Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly. They appear happy now as companions, and will have a pleasant home together. May God bless their future home and preserve the unity of their hearts till death do them part.

Yours respectfully,

S. P. CORNELIUS.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Rockford, Ill.	May 26th
Joliet, Ill.	" 27th
Chicago, Ill.	" 29th.
Michigan City, Ind.	" 30th.
Annual Convention Chicago	" 31st.
Indianapolis.	June 5th.
Annual Convention	" 6th.
Terre Haute	" 6th.
Annual Convention	" 7th.
Pittsburg.	" 7th.

A SILENT JUBILEE

Anniversary Meeting of Ephphatha Guild of St. Stephen's.

ADDRESSES MADE AND INTERPRETED IN THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

(From the Philadelphia Press, May 20.)

It was a silent though a very demonstrative assemblage which gathered in the chapel of St. Stephen's Church last evening to celebrate the anniversary of Ephphatha Guild, a mission society of that congregation. They were the deaf and dumb men and women for whom St. Stephen's parish has provided a pastor, Rev. Henry Winter Syle, who can talk almost as rapidly with his fingers as his namesake and relative, Henry Winter Davis, could with his tongue. Under the pastorate of Mr. Syle, the deaf-mutes have become very much interested in the church and have their own society, a literary association, in which the members see lectures, twirl their fingers in debate, and are earnestly seeking some code of parliamentary rules which will enable the presiding officer to check the license of mute disputations, and a Pastoral Aid Society, in which the quiet females can find a safety-valve for the charitable emotions which their more fortunate sisters find in tea-drinking, sewing circles and Dorcas Societies. These associations are in their infancy, and, as might be expected, their growth is slow. Their infirmities, despite which they manage to get a great deal out of life, close, of course, nearly all the avenues to wealth. The avocations open to them are seldom remunerative, and it is not strange that the funds now collected are meagre and the accumulation of gifts like the widow's mite. Still they hope soon to have a church of their own, and seventy-seven of the four hundred living in this city are communicants of St. Stephen's.

About sixty of them were gathered at the anniversary last evening, consisting of well dressed, intelligent-looking men and neatly-attired women, with here and there a boy wearing the uniform of the Asylum at Broad and Pine Streets. The listeners consisted almost exclusively of teachers connected with that Institution, Rev. Meier-Smith, D.D., constituting the principal exception. It was earnestly hoped that Bishop Stevens would be present, but a confirmation class kept him away.

After devotional exercises, Rev. Henry Winter Syle read a report of what Ephphatha Guild had done during the past year toward aiding those similarly afflicted, not only in this city, but at points far distant. The church fund, donations included, now is about \$700. The collections from services within the Guild were \$553.73. Greater interest, however, is being awakened among the sufferers themselves, and the coming year he hoped and expected would prove more fruitful. H. P. Arms, President of the Cleric Literary Association, read his own, which the interpreter telegraphed to the mutes. It recited the interest manifested in the seven lectures which the Association had been able to provide, as well as in their debates and other literary exercises, which are increasing.

After the reports, Rev. Dr. Smith made a few remarks, which were received with demonstrations of lively satisfaction. Brief addresses by Professors Trist and Cronter, of the Mute Asylum, closed the public exercises, which were supplemented by a collation that the afflicted seemed to especially enjoy.

[NOTE.—The above account is tolerably correct, but we regret to say the reporter drew on his imagination for the beneficial society, the Library, Rev. Mr. Wines' address, and, alas, the collation. In another year it is hoped all these things may be true. The report of the Literary Association was read by Mr. Elwell, Mr. Arms delivered an inaugural address. A full report of this interesting occasion will shortly appear in the *JOURNAL*. For the present, we will explain that the Guild is a society of deaf members of the church, whose Board of Managers, elected annually, headed by the pastor, act very much like the vestry of a church, managing the internal affairs of the Mission in Philadelphia. The Literary Association and Pastoral Aid Society are its "branches" for men and women respectively. This is the fifth year, but it is the first time that any public exercises have been held, except for members only. Several clergymen and vestrymen of St. Stephen's Church were present with other hearing friends. H. W. S.]

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION.

The Convention of the *Alumni* of the Philadelphia Institution will be held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, city of Harrisburg, on the 24th of August next, and continue in session for not less than three days. Notice will in due time be given through the *JOURNAL* of reduced rates of transportation and hotel accommodations, etc.

The paramount object of the Convention will—it should be borne in mind—be the forming of an *Alumni* society. The *State Committee* will do all in its power to render the occasion a success, and every graduate should make it his or her pleasure, as well as duty, to be present.

R. M. ZEIGLER, Chairman.
S. G. DAVIDSON, Secretary.
B. R. ALLABOUGH.

JACKSONVILLE.

A Gala Day.

FRIENDLY BASE BALL

Victorious Athletics.

Friday, the 20th inst., was the annual picnic day for the pupils of the Illinois Institution. All the pupils were granted a respite from work and study. The picnic was held in the grove, just north of the Institution. All the pupils enjoyed themselves very much in swinging, playing games, etc. In the morning, some of the boys were allowed to go down town, and returned before noon. The custom of serving dinner in picnic style as heretofore, was considered too burdensome, and was served as usual in the dining hall. In the afternoon most of the pupils repaired to the base ball grounds.

The St. Louis nine, the Clercs, arrived here at 12:40 a.m. They were kindly treated by the Principal of the Institution. The Athletics had received a challenge from the Clercs for the deaf-mute championship in the West. All the players of the Athletics wore base ball uniforms, which looked very nice. At 3 p.m., the game was begun, and the Athletics first went to the bat. The Clercs seemed to be stronger than the Athletics, for they had been reinforced with three principal players, catcher, pitcher and short stop. They are said to be semi-professional. The weather was pleasant and nice; so many persons gathered in a crowd to witness the game, and also the students of Illinois college, and many gentlemen and ladies from this city. The Athletics were unable to hit the swiftly pitched ball of Dolan until the fourth inning, when they succeeded in getting the hang of it, and made five runs. The Clercs could hardly bat Sullivan's pitching, and Slusser's catching was very fine. The Clercs fielded poorly from the fifth to the last inning, and gave the Athletics some runs through their errors. The Clercs would have been whitewashed, but Sullivan gave Gerhardt, of the second nine of the Institution, called balls in the sixth inning, and Dolan made a long hit through the left and centre fields. Gerhardt was brought home by him, and got a score. The game throughout was a good one, and resulted in favor of the Athletics by a score of 21 to 1. Prof. Johnson, of the Illinois College, was umpire, and gave universal satisfaction.

THE SCORE.									
ATHLETICS.					CLERCS.				
Sproul, r. f.	1	3	0	3	Dolan, p.	0	3	0	3
Barr, 3d b.	0	3	0	3	Smith, 2d b.	0	4	0	4
Swanson, i. d. b.	1	5	0	3	Mulligan, s. s.	0	3	0	3
Feldman, 3d b.	2	3	0	3	Campbell, 3d b.	0	4	0	4
Hussey, s. s.	3	2	0	4	Callaghan, c.	0	4	0	4
Spaulding, i. f.	4	2	0	2	J. Smith, c. f.	0	2	0	2
Sullivan, p.	4	2	0	3	McQuinn, i. d. b.	0	3	0	3
Slusser, c.	4	2	0	3	Stocksick, r. f.	0	3	0	3
James, c. f.	2	4	0	3	Gerhardt, i. f.	0	3	0	3
Total	21	27	0	1	Total	1	27	0	1

INNINGS. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Athletics 0 0 0 4 0 4 5 3 3—21.
Clercs 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—1

After the game, the players of the two clubs were invited to partake of some supper by the Principal. They had a very pleasant time talking. After supper some of the players departed for home, the rest went Saturday evening.

The Literary Society held its regular meeting in the chapel on Friday evening. Some mutes of St. Louis were invited to attend. Miss Nellie Patten delivered an interesting lecture on "Fine Arts" for them. Mr. Hussey delivered a declamation in graceful signs. Then followed a dialogue between Mr. Holland and Mr. Brooker, concerning Senator Conkling and General Garfield. The former was in favor of Senator Conkling while the latter supported General Garfield. Both done very well. An essay was given by Prof. Lester Goodman, and was an interesting one. The debate was on the question, "Resolved that liquor traffic should be prohibited by law." Messrs. Hartley and Campbell were on the affirmative side while Messrs. Sidis and Sproul were on the negative side. After a hot debate, the judges decided in favor of the negative. Mr. M. Smith, of the Clercs, said he was very much interested in the society, and made a short speech to the members.

The game of base ball between the third nine of the Institution and the Blue-Legged nine of the city, was played on the ground adjoining the Athletics' ground on Friday afternoon. The deaf-mute nine won by 13 to 9.

Prof. Goodman is the manager of the Athletics, and seems to be proud of the club, as they have not been beaten this year.

The poor Clercs went home with their colors trailing in the dust, and say that they will never challenge the Athletics for the championship. They had better look out or they might be whitewashed.

OLD BLOBS.

Cincinnati Picnic.

Second Grand Picnic, given by the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Society at Highland House, Thursday, June 30th, 1881. Music and dancing from 3 o'clock p.m. to 12 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

ODE TO NATURE.
By STELLA.
Beautiful nature, how oft I see,
Images of mankind in thee,
This life is like to April days,
Alternate rain, and sunshine rays.
Again 'tis like a little stream
That bubbles along in a pleasing dream
Through fields and meadows filled with bloom
Anon into the forest's gloom.
'Tis like unto a little flower,
That brightly blooms for one sweet hour,
But fades and withers, droops and dies,
Beneath the gaze of loving eyes.
Or like a rose, or like a bird,
Or like the songs that we have heard,
Or mought but sorrow on this earth,
For the unfortunate from his birth.
Or mayhap like some fleecy cloud
That drifts by in its snowy shroud,
Or like a sunset glow to life,
In ruby splendor o'er the sky;
Or else it may be like the life,
To burdened, and, and full of strife
Of some poor dumb and lonely beast,
With thought and feeling void within its breast.

Beverly School Notes.

The School was thoroughly renovated, almost from garret to cellar, during the enforced absence of the scholars. The infected rooms were painted, papered and varnished at the willing expense of a wealthy gentleman interested in our School. A great improvement in the interior of the house was visible when the doors were thrown open again for the admission of the returning pupils. The School re-opened last Wednesday, and eight pupils have come up to date. About six more are expected this week. Four new applications were made before the re-opening of the school. Among these is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniels, of East Salisbury, a deaf-mute couple, graduates of "Old Hartford." Two other applicants are residents of Salem, aged six and seven years respectively. The fourth is a weak minded boy—perhaps an idiot—and after a few week's trial, if we see that we can do nothing with him, he will be sent home. His sense of hearing seems to be very good, but there is no intelligence in his eyes—nothing but a look of vacancy, and he has the habit of rocking himself in every position, now and then giving vent to a loud scream.
The father of one of our brightest pupils, who came from Lowell, has recently moved to a town in New Hampshire, and it is his intention to send his boy again to this School in the fall. This may open the way for the admission of others from the same State.
We have lately received a visit from four promising young men, who are all graduates of Northampton. They were conversant with the hand alphabet, and used it quite easily. They were Messrs. Morse and Baker, from Boston, Rurbank, from Salem, and from a lady friend of Miss Rogers, the lady principal of Northampton, from whom we learn that the latter entertains the intention of paying our school a visit.
Samuel S. Cross, a "young bach," has invested his spare cash in a bicycle. He paid us a flying visit the other day.
Dr. Haddock has made the school the present of several valuable volumes which form quite a small-sized library. Among them are the works of Reade, Channing, Swift, and other celebrated authors.
The sudden deaths of Mrs. Bowden's two children by diphtheria, has a strange parallel in the deaths of two belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Swett by the same disease, which happened years ago, while Mrs. Bowden herself was a pupil at "Old Hartford." The coincidence is indeed a strange one.
Supt. Swett has been quite ill for some time, owing to the heavy pressure of affairs upon his mind, and after a period of needed rest, he began to recover and is doing well now.
As an evidence of the regard which little Harry and Walter inspired in the hearts of older people, their deaths were referred to in touching terms in the Episcopal Church of Beverly, Rev. Mr. Wellwood, Pastor; in the Episcopal Church of Marblehead, Rev. Mr. Harris, Pastor; and in the Congregational Church of Beverly, Rev. Mr. Davis, Pastor. So much were they esteemed. In the Sunday School, Rev. Mr. Wellwood described to the little scholars the particulars of Harry's death, and then went on to mention all his good qualities and many bright things that he had done—all which drew tears from the little friends of Harry. Mention also was made of Mrs. Bowden's bereavement, in the Boston and Salem deaf-mute societies, as I understand. Mrs. Bowden was deeply touched by the beautiful poem on the death of her children, written by "Annabel Lee," in last week's number. She thanks the writer sincerely for the expression of her sympathy and for the consolation expressed in her lines of the children's happiness in another world. To other kind friends who had written to her letters of sympathy, she returns thanks deep and sincere.
The sudden taking-away of the little rose-buds has cast a sad gloom over the school. Even the pupils, thoughtless as children usually are, miss the bright companions of their games, as was proved by the serious interest taken in their fate by one of the smartest boys who has been only five months at school here. He asked if Harry and Walter were in Heaven now and could see us from there. Upon being answered in the affirmative and after thinking for a few moments, he suddenly looked up and said they could see their mother crying and them talking. He asked what they were doing in Heaven. Upon being told that they were singing around the throne of God, he asked,

ed, with an anxious look, whether he would be deaf and dumb in that holy place. It is impossible to describe the joy which lighted up his face when he was told his ears would be opened and his tongue loosened and he could join in the celestial chorus. After a pause, he asked whether he would rise from beneath the sod and go to Heaven in his earthly body. When he was answered no and that his spirit would leave the body of the earth, earthy and soar upwards to that better world, he caught up the sign for "spirit," repeated it to himself and asked what it was. Upon being told that it was something which is in the body, yet is not a part of it and never dies, he said, impatiently, "Spirit—I don't understand it," and sat down with a look of vexation. His mind, just opened to the light, could go no farther into the deep mystery of the hereafter.
Owing to the sudden deaths in this school, the proposed holding of the Fair has been postponed to next month. The day will be named at an early date.

Reading for Deaf-Mutes.
ABSURD DEFINITIONS OF MUTES.

"Intelligence is governed by reason, ignorance is governed by superstition and the lash."
I have read articles in the JOURNAL on this subject with pleasure, and will put my shoulder to the wheel, and help to roll it along. The more mutes read, the better it will be for them. The mind of man, especially mutes should seek to learn more and more every day; life is too short to lose a moment in idleness or folly. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how expressive and admirable! In action how like a god! In invention how ingenious! In execution how stupendous! In knowledge how vast! These are some of the true, rare and lofty definitions of man. But many, very many never know their true import, and fall far below their station for want of a proper knowledge to act their destined part.
"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain, Our thoughts are linked by many a golden chain; Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise! Each starts its image as the other flies; Each thro' the varied avenues of sense, Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense."
The grand object of education is to promote the happiness of the human race. It is the excellent endowment, as it enlarges the capacities of the mind, promotes its powers of improvement, and renders a man estimable and respectable in the eyes of society; helps to direct, to control, and to reform all the passions and tempers of the human heart.
Man considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being; "lunched upon the sea of life," without education or knowledge, is "like a ship without a sail;" he would soon suffer shipwreck. "Life has, from time immemorial been compared to a vast sea, and man to a voyager." Now, if man is cast upon this great sea, how could he "man his ship to advantage if he is not instructed in the great principles of knowledge? The study of human nature, worldly affairs, as well as moral and spiritual training, afford vast fields of instructive reading, for we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and our future destinies depend upon our actions. Those different influences combined, mold and fashion our sentiments in a silent, yet powerful and irresistible manner, and induce us to look at men and women, and their actions, and the great ideas that are constantly being thrown out broadcast upon the world, from a particular standpoint, and in a light that at one time in most of our lives would have astonished us. This is the potent influence that mind exerts upon mind in our intercourse with each other through life.
Great men and women, or rather great minds—persons of cultivated intellect, of penetration, forethought, and observation—may wield a powerful and magic effect upon those they associate with, for good or for evil; may it ever be for good.
What is there more grand, more ennobling than education, and constant reading? It is this that smooths the roughness of our nature. It transforms all our wearing elements of nature into the various forms of mental symmetry and christian loveliness. It elevates, expands, enriches, and cultivates the best affections of our heart. This does not apply only to man, but to woman. The barbaric ages have passed away, and woman is elevated to our equals; the prejudices which dishonored the sex have been buried, and we welcome her to our society, especially with a good education. Man has rivals and allies in the field of literature. Those who have elegance of manners command respect, and those who have talents, command admiration. This change has in a good degree tended to enlighten the world.
Yet it has been set forth by otherwise respectable authority that the deaf and dumb are a "gifted race," or born with a genius in some cases; that they are remarkable for "their promptitude in defining abstract terms," and those who ought to have known better, and did know better, have strengthened this delusion, if indeed they did not cause it, by such proceedings as the publication of "essays" purporting to be "by the deaf and dumb," in which the pupils wrote better English than their master, and by putting forth as bona fide answers of deaf-mutes those

brilliant aphorisms and definitions of Massieu and Clerc and others, which are so often quoted at public meetings by eloquent speakers who know nothing of the subject. It is very well known to those who are acquainted with the subject that the so-called definitions of hope, gratitude, time, eternity, etc., were not Massieu's at all, but of his master, the Abbe Sicard. The influences of these fallacies are, and have been most mischievous. They raise expectation to an unreasonable height; for it is thought that what was done by "the celebrated pupil of the Abbe Sicard," may be done every day and by every one, and disappointment is the inevitable consequence. The honest, laborious teacher, who can not produce those marvelous results, and will not stoop to deception, has often to labor on without that appreciation and encouragement which are so eminently his due. Thus the cause of deaf-mute instruction suffers, which is very unfortunate in its consequences, and the lack of inclination to pursue literature is great in many mutes after leaving school. This is greatly to be regretted, and I am willing to put in my head and heart to remedy this great evil among our class, if there is any to be done. There is nothing which promotes knowledge more than steady application, and a habit of reading and observation. Whenever a person undertakes any thing of great difficulty, he should pursue it with perseverance through life; and the more he qualifies himself for it, the more certain will there be success in his undertakings; and by doing so, things become more easy instead of tired and loathsome. Practical attention to education, reading and observation familiarizes us to the various paraphernalia and manipulations of trade, and in all circumstances it is an easy passport to higher achievements; while for lack of all these noble qualifications, what a degrading fool we would seem to be!
In regard to the intellectual faculties, how marvelous it is that such ignorance is permitted, when by simple instruction, reading and observation, we could be saved from its terrible consequences, at the hands of the skillful and indomitable teacher, and our own steady application. Look at the skull; aye, look at the intellectually shaped skull, "the home of the brain."
"Look on its tattered arch, its ruined wall, Its chambers desolate and portals foul; Was this once the ambitious airy hall, The dome of thought, the palace of the soul?"
When within the brain; mighty thought crowned, is seated; controlling the whole human system; and when it is well cultivated, enriched and stored with knowledge, reading and observation, what mighty powers are dispensed! So much for those ennobling principles; and I sincerely hope that the deaf-mute community will pay more attention to this neglected department of reading.

Ripples From Rhode Island.

Mr. Editor:—Sunday before last, in response to a call, one hour's buggy ride took all the Woonsocket mutes to Providence. They were met by the city mutes at the Friendship Street Baptist Church. The writer noticed the stylishly-dressed Mrs. Lester, the always smiling and pleasant looking Mrs. Kinsman, the charming Miss Ida Nicholas, who will, we hope, be an addition to the Woonsocket community in the near future. The solid-looking, but kind-hearted Mr. Kinsman, and the jovial Mr. Lester, were among the other mutes present. Four boys, with their teacher, Miss Dewing, connected with the Homer Articulation School, were there. There were twenty-five mutes, together with as many hearing persons. It was the largest meeting ever held there. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. Budlong, and Mrs. Follette delivered a very interesting discourse founded upon the words: "What is your soul worth?" It is unnecessary to mention what she said. The mutes said that it was a very good sermon and to the point. Miss Dewing, an accomplished lady, truthfully asserted that the sermon was one of the finest and most sensitive she had ever heard. Mrs. F.'s oldest daughter, Minnie, interpreted for the benefit of the hearers. The four boys could understand what she said. A wonder it was to the mutes. The service being over, the Woonsocket mutes went to Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman's really nice house, where they devoured the refreshments they had brought from their own homes, and after a season of social converse, they left the house at 4 p.m., and arrived home O. K.
It did not rain in Providence as hard as at other points, judging from the condition of the roads. Fortunately no drop of rain spoiled the Woonsocket ladies' awfully nice hats.
ONE OF 'EM.
WOONSOCKET, R. I., May 24, 1881.
N. B.—The Providence mutes will please bear in mind that the Woonsocket mutes will always bring their refreshments with them.

Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

Maysville, Ky., - - - June 5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va., - - - 8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va., - - - 9th.
Wheeling, W. Va., - - - 12th.
Charlestown, W. Va., - - - 15th.
Staunton, W. Va., - - - 16th.

The Georgia Institution.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you have the kindness to publish this letter in the JOURNAL for me.
I am always delighted with your paper, and will renew my subscription as soon as my time expires. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes. Of the 35,000 deaf-mutes in the United States I think the whole of them ought to subscribe for it. I am going to write to my friends in Georgia and get them to subscribe for it.
The weather here is hotter than a hot cake, and we can hardly proceed with our games of base ball and foot ball. Our foot ball has been stolen. It disappeared about a month after it was purchased. It was stolen while we were attending the service in the chapel, Sunday evening.
The measles has been here for the past two months, but it is disappearing now, and the pupils have regained their former health, with the exception of one little girl who was drawn very near to death's door, but is much better now.
The Board of Trustees met here three weeks ago. All the officers were re-elected except the physician, who resigned on account of sickness. Dr. W. A. Wright was elected in his place.
Dr. Underwood died at his residence on the 6th of May, aged 70 years and 8 months. His remains were taken to Rome, Ga., for interment.
The late great flood near the Institution carried away the front fence belonging to Mr. Cabbagehead, also bridges and railroads along Cedar creek were washed away by the freshet.
Edgar C. Duncan, a well-educated young man, is going to enter Washington college in 1882. His residence is Andersonville, where a large number of Yankee prisoners of war were confined and died of starvation. He is a deaf-mute, and is quite a fine young man.
Mr. J. J. Davis and family are visiting his brother-in-law, Gen. H. S. Morris. They have just moved to Mynard, Ga., near Macon. Mr. Davis is an industrious farmer, and reports that his crops are very good and fine.
Gen. H. S. Morris has five bee-hives and honey is plentiful.
Why does "Mr. Cabbagehead" delay so in erecting his magnificent dwelling, which he is expecting to have built soon?
Prof. W. S. Johnson, of Talladega, Ala., is visiting his mother and sister, who reside in this place.
Prof. J. S. Davis has seventy-five hives of bees and 120 shepherd lambs. He expects to have one hundred hives next September.
Prof. Joseph Sweetman, formerly of New York, is living half a mile from here. He is a shoemaker by trade and is doing well. He expects to move to Texas with his family next winter.
Gen. Styles Phillips lately visited his old friends in this place. He keeps a small grocery, and is a shoemaker by trade. He says his business is very good.
Mr. Jared I. Stokes is employed on Mr. McCollum's farm. He was formerly a pupil of the Institution.
Rev. Job Turner arrived here Monday evening, two weeks ago. Prof. Truman and Fisher met him at the depot, and they accompanied him to the Institution. Rev. Turner spent two days here, and then left for Knoxville. All the pupils like him very much. Rev. Turner could not preach at the Episcopal Church on account of the rain.
A week after the last inundation, about a month ago, Mr. W. O. Connor (the principal) went to the Coosa River and found some relics. They are the decorations and different materials used by the Indians about 50 or 100 years ago. They had been covered under the ground by savages when they saw the approach of the whites, and then left for the far West. Mr. Connor carried them to his office.
Our picnic took place last Thursday, about three miles from here. It was indeed a grand success, because every one seemed to enjoy the occasion.
"Mr. Cabbagehead" carried a little turtle to the Institution with him. The boys and girls caught fish instead of turtles. The boys scared the girls nearly to death with the ugly turtles. At dinner they had more strawberries than they could swallow. The boys travelled on foot, while the girls rode in wagons and hacks. About one-fifth of a mile from the picnic ground, one of the hacks broke down, so the girls had to get out and go the rest of the distance on foot. None were injured. The Romans, of Rome, Ga., annually hold their picnic here.
An accident happened in the chapel. A gentleman, while he was examining a gun which he brought with him, accidentally discharged it, the ball lodging in the ceiling of the chapel. It is lucky that no one was injured by it, as there was a little crowd there at the time the gun went off.
Mrs. H. S. Morris and her family expect to make their old home a visit in Crawford, Ga. They will have a nice trip.
Mr. Freeman expects to be in the Queen City—Cincinnati—on the 30th of June. His many friends of that place will be glad to see him.
An examination will be opened on the 30th of June. All of the pupils will be glad to go to their homes once more.
What has become of Mr. L. A. Palmer, of the National Deaf-Mute College? Will he visit this Institution?

Interference.

DEAR EDITOR:—A few thoughts on interference, by "Judge De-Coursey," appeared in the JOURNAL last week. Alas! what havoc has interference made among the human race, not only by exciting and augmenting all other evils, but by robbing man of what little strength or disposition he might possess, to grapple with and overcome them. I have a case in mind that was related to me by the father of a young lady who had kept company with a young man for some time. Both of them belonged to families of wealth and influence in one of our northwestern towns. They were in many respects well matched, possessing wealth, intelligence and culture. The young man has a brother who was addicted to drinking strong drinks, and it was known to the lady and her father that the young man had labored much to reclaim this brother, but all to no purpose. But, alas! while he was thus anxious and exercised for his brother's salvation the demon was winding his fatal coils imperceptibly but surely and inextinguishably around this man himself, and ere he was aware of it he found himself possessing an appetite for the cup he was utterly unable to control. Repeated efforts were made by the lady, and it was of no use, so she closed against him the door of her father's house and bade him no more attempt to enter it. And the hopes that both these hearts had cherished were drowned and blasted in the intoxicating bowl.
Another one whose father was lately burned to death while drunk and helpless in his wagon on the highway. This young man, who some time since had sought and found a home in the West, and had come back to attend the funeral of this friend, said to his friend: "I could never amount to anything here, for I was always treated and looked upon as only the son of a drunkard."

Wonders of the Microscope.

A thousand wonders in nature are lost to the human eye, and only revealed to us through the microscope. Think of dividing a single spider's web into a thousand strands, or counting the arteries and nerves in the wing of a gossamer moth.
Yet, by the aid of the powerful lens of a microscope, it is found that there are more than 4,000 muscles in a caterpillar. The eye of a drone contains 14,000 mirrors, and the body of every spider is furnished with four little lumps, pierced with tiny holes, from each of which issues a single thread, and when a thousand of these from each lump are joined together, they make the line of silk of which the spider spins its web, and which we call a spider's thread.
Spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand, and these spin a thread so fine that it takes 4,000 of them, put together, to equal in size a single hair.—Church Union.
The manufacture of postage stamps is an interesting sight. They are made in New York. Each sheet of stamps is counted twenty-six times in process of manufacture. If any mutilated stamps are found among them, the whole sheet is destroyed. Each contains two hundred stamps, which are divided in half by hand, some fifty per minute, or eleven thousand per day, being cut by one girl. Such is the accuracy of every branch of the business, that twenty-two dollars was the aggregate blundering of four years work; once the girls counted standing for two days to find a single missing sheet. In the course of a year, seven hundred million stamps are bought and sold.

ODE TO THE RIVER WABASH.

By STELLA.
I come from afar and lightly bear,
Adown my sparkling tide,
The light little shifts from under the cliffs,
That rise along my side.
From depths come up the lily-cup,
That dances on my crest,
The bright green moss like silken flow,
With which my couch is drest.
I sparkle along with a joyous song
And fresh each drooping flower,
With many pranks I fret my banks,
And delight to show my power.

"DIED POOR."

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker; "the saddest I have attended for many years."
"That of Edmonstone?"
"Yes."
"How did he die?"
"Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfillment."
"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.
"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."
"Did he not succeed?" questioned one who had spoken of his patience and endurance.
"No, sir. He died just as poor as I have stated. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to follow every enterprise."
"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich."
"No, he has left nothing behind," was replied. "The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate."
"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."
"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.
"And precious examples," said a third.
"Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildering path," was the testimony of another.
"And high truth, manly courage and heroic fortitude," was the emphatic declaration. Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, miserable in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was a triumphal procession. Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonies attended on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed? Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping, soulless, selfish man, with a moderate share of brains, can gather money and learn the art of keeping it; but not one in a hundred, can conquer bravely in the battle of life, as Edmonstone has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor, but rich—rich in neighborly love, rich in celestial affection. And his heirs have an interest in the administration of his affairs. A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose precious things through false estimates and ignorant depreciation. There are higher things to gain in this world than wealth that perishes. He dies rich who takes his treasure with him to the new land, where he is able to abide forever; and he who has to leave behind all on which he placed his affections, dies poor indeed.

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